

is almost ultra-refined, the workmanship has both the swift-ness and the finish of the true artist. This clear nobility of tone is unmistakable in the sonnet called "Outlook." Tacitly the poet defines his own position, while he sets an ideal before us:

"Not to be conquered by these headlong days,
But to stand free: to keep the mind at brood
On life's deep meaning,—nature's altitude
Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways.

At every thought and deed to clear the haze
Out of our eyes, considering only this,
What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,
This is to live, and win the final praise.

Though strife, ill fortune and harsh human need
Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb
With agony; yet patience, there shall come
Many strange voices from life's outer sea,
Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,
Murmurs and glimpses of eternity."

It is this determination which has enabled the poet to divine and interpret for us the latent beauty about us, when our eyes are holden that we cannot see, and our ears dull that we cannot hear. To many, Ottawa is simply "the city of sawlogs and lumber," the hive of sordid, greedy politicians. The "eye among the blind" sees in that rude young city the glory of the swift, fierce Canadian spring:

"Oh, the hum and the toil of the river;
The ridge of the rapid sprays and skips;
Loud and low by the water's lips,
Tearing the wet pines into strips,
The saw-mill is moaning ever.
The little grey sparrow skips and calls
On the rocks in the rain of the waterfalls,
And the logs are adrift in the river."

Again the springtide song of the frogs which is undoubtedly sweet and quaint, and charming in its way, as the song of nightingales has never had an interpreter on account of the grotesque creatures which produce it. But Lampman hits exactly the right note when he recognizes the quaintness, the melody and the eerie suggestiveness of this characteristic *chant d'amour*: